

Wichita Daily Eagle

WOMAN'S WORLD.

AN INDIANA GIRL'S EXPERIENCE WITH A SNAKE AND SOME EGGS.

A Few Words About Long Skirts.—A Heroine Woman—Romance of a Child's Shoe—Fashion's Newest Colors—Co-operative Boarding.

Miss Julia Levering is a farmer's daughter, and she lives near New Paris, Ind. She went out to the barn Monday to gather hen's eggs. She was returning to the house with a dozen eggs in her apron when she saw the head and part of the body of a big black snake at one side of a big chopping block. Miss Levering stopped, and, as she relates it, felt herself turning cold. She couldn't find her voice to scream, and when the rest of the snake's body slowly appeared around the chopping block she was herself long enough to know that she dropped to the ground.

She does not know how long she was in the swoon, but when she came to, and the situation returned to her mind, she was sitting where she had fallen. Every one of her eggs was gone, and so was the snake. The eggs she had been depending on to make up part of the cost of a new dress she had set her heart on, and although she was well when she recovered from her faint she had strength enough to be indignant and hard set against snakes generally, and that black snake in particular, for she was certain that the black snake had taken advantage of its scaring her into a helpless swoon and gobbled all her eggs.

Miss Levering rose to her feet, and looking toward the dark fence at one side of the yard she saw the black snake lying at full length, already overcome by its impulse to lie at rest and digest the eggs. The girl ran to the woodpile, got the ax and rushing upon the big snake chopped its head off before it knew what was going on. Twelve suspicious protruberances along the snake's stomach were sufficient evidence that the eggs were where Miss Levering had suspected them of being. All doubt on the subject was dispelled when Farmer Levering dissected the snake later on. Every egg was there, and each one as flawless as when it was taken from the nest.—*Con. New York Sun.*

A Few Words About Long Skirts.

Although the majority of sensible women have in a great degree overruled the dressmaker, who have insisted that a short walking skirt is passe and unfashionable, and in the end prevailed against their protests of shortening the dem-tail now imminent as a side-sweep, there are enough who have adopted the walking skirts of senseless, untidy length to prove that fashion has still a formidable army of blind, enthusiastic, plastic followers, lead where she may. The wonder sometimes is whether, if the "goddess" decreed that women should adopt the cap and bells for church costume, or that they should appear upon the promenade attired in ballet costume, with skirts to the knees, the public would not speedily be treated to this new departure by a complacent band of short skirt votaries.

This sight would be no more offensive than that of the view of a semi-long skirt after a week's wear upon our streets—a frayed skirt hem, tatters, garbure scraps, tobacco ends, mud and gutter filth—strong language, but emphatic expressions can hardly be employed in describing the precise state of a dress cut as fashion dictates, and let to trail in the dust and ashes. Perhaps a few emphatic, truthful words may have a little effect toward checking this minor crime of seriously threatening filthiness.—*New York Post.*

A Heroic Woman.

While all others at Kohlman's lake were distracted with grief and shock by the disaster wrought by the tornado, Mrs. Eads, wife of Dr. Eads, preserved her presence of mind with extraordinary fortitude. Her mother and her brother dead, she did not allow her grief to interrupt her untiring efforts to assuage the sufferings of the others. The hotel, which had been turned into a hospital, was the scene of her heroic work.

She labored all night ministering to the wants of the wounded, cheering those who had lost friends and relatives, despite her was the deepest grief of any. Her devotion was wonderful. The surgeons found her skilled and of the greatest benefit, and the attendants were earnest in sounding praises of her noble work. Her care for the suffering people, and her tact in ministering to the wants of the wounded and cheering up the dependent. All this while her own heart was breaking, for more than any one else was she bereft.

Nor had she escaped injury. She had been ruthlessly tossed by the tornado, cut and bruised until she suffered untold pain. Her name should be recorded with the heroes of the world.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Romance of a Child's Shoe.

There is a school on Kearney street, San Francisco, which keeps in a showcase an adorable shoe. It is large, about the size of a man's two outspread hands, and in the center a mass of pearly acrobats takes the shape of a baby's shoe. The story is that years ago a little child in Marin county wandered down to the beach, slipped in between the rocks and was caught by the cruel mollusk, which closed against the tiny shoe and gripped it close to the rock.

Years after, when every one but the mother had forgotten the story, and she was by the bedside with grown up daughters about her, some amateur fisher found the curious shell and put it on exhibition in the window of his cabin. There the mother saw it, and, hastening forward brought the other little shoe, which she had found cast up by the tide on that dreadful day when she sought up and down the beach in vain for her child. They placed it beside the wrinkled shell and every one present uttered a cry of surprise, so startling was the resemblance. Afterward a chemist cut deftly into the bright nacre of the mussel and found traces of leather wrapped in its shining folds. There the lost baby's little shoe lay hidden and changed to pearl.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Fashion's Newest Colors.

A long time ago people used to think that blue was essentially a color for blondes and angels. Nobody can dispute

its being the color for angels, one is certainly not the one to be chosen by a blonde. The fair skin looks blue enough, and when blue, especially pale blue, is put near it the effect given is very undesirable, because what was clear white before becomes a pallid now. Blondes had much better wear any of the rose shades, bright scarlet, warm brown or dark green, leaving the very trying pale blue to the brown haired lassie with a bright color, or the warm brunette whose skin does not know the unsightly touch of sallowness.

Everybody likes a rose colored lining, and to be in vogue this season every body ought to have a rose colored frock in cotton or wool, in silk or tulle it is always most charitable in bringing out one's best features and tending down one's worst. Combined with white the pink shades are as dainty as a bit of old china, and will suggest the pretty pink and white ladies whom Watteau painted on fans, who played at little Trianon with Marie Antoinette, laughed and jested and did not fear when they had to face death on the guillotine for the sake of the king and the queen.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Co-operative Boarding.

A novel and interesting system of housekeeping or boarding is being attempted by several gentlemen with families on the East side. Dr. Emminger, E. K. Stewart, D. T. McCabe, N. W. Daniels and about eight other gentlemen have rented the residence just south of Mr. Daniels' home on Monroe avenue near Broad street and will establish a co-operative dining room. One of the best cooks in the city, for years at the head of a leading restaurant, will have charge of the cooking. These families number about thirty-five persons. The first floor will be used as the eating room and the second will be occupied by the servants.

Much expense connected with the scheme will be avoided by each family furnishing its own table linen, dishes, etc., but one general bill of fare will be served. The meals will consist of breakfast, lunch at noon, and dinner at 6. It is a permanent arrangement if it proves successful. It is a delightful place, with a congenial neighborhood and of course access to the homes of the gentlemen. It is thought it will be much cheaper than the cost of home cooking. The stewardess will have charge of the marketing, cooking and serving. The charges will be pro rata to adults and children.—*Columbus, O., Journal.*

A Queer Young Woman.

On a street car recently my attention was attracted by a tall young woman with the air and manner of an actress, who came into the car as if she expected instant admiration and homage from all beholders. She was not handsome, but she had a striking appearance. A single glance would tell any one that she was a reader of the erotic literature of the day. Her dress was peculiar. From shoulder to foot she was covered by a sea green velvet cloak. Her hair was dyed a deep red, and her hair was frizzy with little curls, and hung about in utterly utter abandon. Her head was covered with a soft white hat—a man's hat—which had been crushed into a point at the front and turned up in the rear, and only needed a feather to make it like the hats worn by Shakespearean actors or merry men. I have been thus particular in describing the young woman because, as I glanced down in her lap, where a little package of manuscript was held in one of her hands, I could not help reading the bold title on the outside. It was as follows, "The Morality of Immorality." What are we coming to, anyway?—*New York Press.*

A Unique Wedding Present.

The most unique present at the recent wedding of Miss Victoria Sackville West was that of our own, and only Mr. Peter Marie. It was a peculiarity of Mr. Marie that he is never at a loss for a unique wedding gift for a friend, and the secret of his prolific invention and original taste has leaked out. Mr. Marie is a devoted collector of rare and precious books. He almost rivals in this passion those distinguished society men and bibliomaniacs, George B. Do Forrest and Brayton Ives. It is now boldly asserted that he finds his designs for complimentary jewelry on the shelves of his library, and that the lozenge shaped brooch of Mrs. Col. William Edwards Sackville West is a fac-simile of one which sparkled on the fair but not adamant bosom of pretty Miss Dillbury.—*New York World.*

An Able Manager.

A good illustration of what a woman with business tact can do is shown in the case of Mrs. Carpenter, of Chicago, whose husband died in 1880. On the 1st of January, 1881, she assumed care of the Central Hotel building in that city, and has since acted as sole lessee of the hall and secretary of the company, serving also as manager for the last three years. Although a quiet, modest little lady, she has won the highest commendation for her efficiency, acting with enterprise, but with true business instincts, caution and fine judgment. At the same time she has not for a moment neglected her home, whose interests have been in her sole charge, and she has carefully supervised the education of her children.—*Exchange.*

The Fad for Black.

Who can account for the fad of fashion? Black is the gloomiest dress in the world. It is the hottest fad for summer that one can imagine. It seems to attract and absorb every ray of the sun. It is not only hot, but it looks hot, making the wearer uncomfortable and the looker on equally so. I rarely ever saw a man who did not dislike black, and yet that is the delectable color in which our fashionable women have elected to clothe themselves this summer of all others, when the mercury disdains any point less than a hundred. So intense and widespread is this fad that there is no keeping up with the demand. I heard one wholesale merchant say that he had sold in the past few weeks over \$20,000 worth, a great many to the city trade, and that they did not receive a single order from the country which did not begin with and end with "Black laws."—*Yonewine's News.*

Rare Presence of Mind.

Among the many broad winners who crossed the Des Moines street ferry Friday morning was a pretty blonde of 19. She wore a dainty hat trimmed with daisies, and in her hand carried a black silk bag, which to all appearances contained her lunch. As she stood forward on the deck the wind, which had been

tossing her hair, suddenly seized her hat and carried it into the water, where it was lost. The young woman was not at all put out, but with rare presence of mind took her lunch from the bag and put it in her pocket. Then with a few pins gathered from the passengers she made herself a cute little toque, which she quickly arranged on her pretty head. She went smiling up Des Moines street looking as unconcerned as possible.—*New York Press.*

Chief Justice Ellsworth's Wife.

The cultured, refined wife of Oliver Ellsworth, chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, gave up after her marriage all society, reading and sight seeing for the care of a large family and the management of her husband's finances, he being absent in Europe or Washington the greater part of the time. Only a superior mind like hers could be as successful in rearing healthy children of sound mental and moral training and simultaneously amassing a fortune. She had done what she considered her loyal duty, but later in life she realized her sad mistake.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Chicago Women and Education.

Chicago women are actively interested in the improvement of the public schools of that city, and although contending against adverse influence in high places do not propose to give up the battle. A meeting was held not long since, under the auspices of the Illinois Woman's alliance, at which representatives of 120 societies were present, and addresses were made by leading men and women. The result was that ten judges of the city united in a petition to the mayor asking that more women should be appointed on the school board.—*Exchange.*

Dress Goods Cheap.

Any woman of limited means who has the least knowledge of dressmaking who does not present a neat, charming and sumptuous appearance this season, during this mercantile deluge of miraculously cheap dress fabrics, ought really to be ashamed of herself—when hats and gowns and flowers and fabrics are almost given away, and lace and trimmings to be had for a song, and not a Patti song, either.—*Exchange.*

The prettiest little story of all concerning Miss Philippa Fawcett comes from Cambridge. Twenty years ago, when she was only a year and a half old, the first of the meetings which, under Professor Sidgwick's auspices, resulted in the foundation of Newnham was held in Mrs. Fawcett's drawing room in Cambridge. "We did not think of this in 1869, did we?" said the professor, as he congratulated the mother of the first lady senior wrangler the other day.

A suggestion that piazza cushions should be supplied for piazza steps is worthy of consideration. There is always a temptation, especially to children, to sit on these steps, and cushions will save dresses from wear and soil. Such cushions may be filled with excelsior and covered with awning cloth, which can be removed and washed when necessary.

There was a notable wedding at Rockford, Ill., recently, when Miss Catherine G. Wang, the young lawyer and woman suffrage advocate, was married to Frank H. McCulloch, a Chicago attorney, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Anna Shaw. The bride and groom were classmates at law school, and will enter a professional partnership in Chicago.

Women shorthand writers will be admitted to take part in the international stenographic congress to be held in August at Munich. The meeting will be inaugurated by the unveiling of the Gabelberger statue. The official language at the congress will be German, but other languages will not be debarred from the discussion.

Russet leather shoes are not so much worn abroad as formerly. They are being superseded by black patent leather and dark red Russia leather. They are fitted simply to the foot, as plainly and perfectly made as possible, and are laced across the instep in such a way as to display the handsome hosiery.

Ice cream is a new beverage for the summer lunch table. It is made for breakfast, sweetened and frozen, trappé—that is, iced, but not frozen as firm as ice cream. Ice cream should be served in little cups set in saucers with a teaspoon of cold whipped cream on each.

Princess Louise is now modeling a statue of the queen as a young girl, intended for the Kensington people as a memorial of her majesty's residence in the district during her early life.

The Empress Frederick is continually doing charitable work. Her latest achievement is the collection of \$125,000 for the new children's hospital at Berlin.

The queen of Sweden, who still suffers from shattered nerves, finds ease in working like a housemaid and in weeding and digging in her garden.

"I wish," writes a girl from abroad, "that when every American girl crosses the Atlantic she would register a vow to behave herself with dignity until she returns. It is so provoking to have the American girl, with all her pronounced ill breeding, thrust at one by foreigners who have happened to meet some rough, slummy American girls. It is no use arguing with these people, no use making a defense of my countrywomen by pointing out English girls who are fast, horser and slangy. They will have it that the American girl is loud and fast in a way different from all civilized human beings. "The truth is, the loud and fast ones get themselves thoroughly known and talked about that no one learns of the quiet girls who go through Europe without any ado. Now I saw an American girl at the Haymarket, a pretty creature, who talked amiably between the acts and made herself generally conspicuous. She is the daughter of very rich and very vain people. I watched her as we sat with several English friends, who insisted upon being delighted and amused at her 'American ways.' Great heavens! America is to be made responsible for the bad manners of every young woman who was born there! Can these English people be made to understand that a girl acting conspicuously in one of our theatres would be considered as distinctly ill bred there as she is here in London!—Atlanta Constitution.

The Coming Colors.

The Chamber Syndicate des Fleurs et

Plumes has just brought out its new color card, which contains sixty-six shades. Heliotropes have been given the best places, a proof that these will be favorite shades during the coming season. Blues come next in number, while the representatives of the green and red families have taken back seats and will be rather neglected. The color card contains some brown shades in new effects. Of course not all the sixty-six colors are new, or even novel gradations of old colors. There are, however, several which are entirely new.

Entirely new shades are verveine, a medium heliotrope, blue, a strong but somewhat light blue, daphnif, a new dark red, a new green, a light brown, and triton, a bluish gray shade. Dattir is the name of a new color which is a cross between olive and sulphur yellow. Heliotropes are represented in the color card by eight shades, of which dahlia is the darkest and Perse the lightest; salome is a heliotrope with bluish tinge. The blue family has ten representatives, of which the well known cerule, or sky blue, is the lightest, and marine blue the darkest. Blue is expected to become a very fashionable color, and lileine, a grayish blue, will also be much worn.

Few new shades are found among the reds. The light coquelicot is already as well known as the dark grenat. Rose and azalee are old favorites. The two medians, tulip and glairol, are old friends under new names. The reddish brown, favelette and bouvreuil, are already known. The only novelty is pivoine, a shade between old and dark red, which is a pleasing but not striking. Caroubie is a very dark grenat.—*Dry Goods Economist.*

Active Presidency Seventy Years Old.

The active presidency of one New York publishing association is held by a woman who is more than 70 years old. Mrs. Charlotte Wells was early associated in the business started by her brothers, the Messrs. Fowler, more than half a century ago. She alone of the family remains in the organization. As president of the Fowler & Wells company she is known as C. F. Wells. As early as her 30th year Miss Charlotte began the study of philology, and soon came to New York with her brother, who had already made a business beginning in this city. Her connection with the publishing house then established has continued uninterruptedly from that time. In 1844 she married Mr. Wells, who had entered into business with the Fowler brothers.

In 1853 O. S. Fowler withdrew from the business, and when the war broke out Mr. Wells was in Europe with the remaining brother. The establishment was conducted by Mrs. Wells during a period of great difficulty. Her husband died in 1875.

Until recently Mrs. Wells had read all the manuscripts and proofs of the entire series of books and journals published by the house. She has shown great regularity in business habits.—*New York World.*

A Summer Resort Story.

Any one can tell that few New York girls come here because there are few flowers sold, and it is hard to get a rose anywhere hereabouts. I managed to get a few for one of the girls, and she told me this story about a married friend of hers, a charming and estimable matron stopping at the hotel.

One day recently there came to her home (the married woman's) for her magnificent basket of La France roses. There was no card, but she fancied she could easily guess who had sent them. The next day and the next there came a similar basket, and so on for a week or ten days. She was greatly pleased. Her husband, a good fellow generally, whom she loved very sincerely, was the usual easy going husband who saw only what was pointed out to him, after the manner of husbands in books and husbands generally. Finally he noticed the unusual abundance of flowers and asked where they came from. "Oh," said she, "Bessie sent them to me."

"Bessie" was the girl who was telling me the story. "So," said Bessie, continuing the story, "I went over to see dinner the next day, and my friend, in the presence of her husband, incidentally looked up and thanked me for the flowers. I told her that it gave me pleasure to send them. Then what do you suppose that brute of a husband did? He threw back his head and roared with laughter. Then he drew out a receipted bill for all the flowers. 'The brute of a man had sent them himself to his wife.'—*Con. New York World.*

"Punch a Hole for Charity."

"Papa, will you please punch a hole for charity?" said a little girl the other evening at the tea table of one of Brooklyn's homes, at the same time handing her father a piece of pasteboard the size of an ordinary business card. The father took it, and while curiously examining it the little one handed him a pin and told him to go ahead and punch a hole "quick."

On the card was printed a cross composed of fifty asterisks, and papa was instructed to punch a hole in one of the asterisks. He did so; then he punched another and another until he had made five holes. "I don't see any trick about that," he said, "but the little one had snatched the card from his hand, saying, 'You can't punch any more holes till you pay me. You owe me a nickel—a cent for each hole you punched,' and as papa fished up a nickel and handed it over he asked his daughter to explain the joke.

"There's no joke about it," said she. "I got this card from my Sunday school teacher, and I'm to get every body I can to punch a hole in it and pay me a cent a punch. When I have all the holes punched I'll have fifty cents, and I'm to give it to teacher, who will turn it over to the fresh air fund for poor children. And she says that two or three cards will give away poor baby a week at the seaside. All the girls have got them." Then papa produced another nickel and punched five more holes, and mamma punched five and so did the big brother, and when the little one went to bed it was with the proud consciousness that she had her cross of asterisks punched out and had collected fifty cents for the poor children.—*New York Times.*

Summer Drinks.

There are some old time drinks for invalids which are very refreshing and wholesome in warm weather. Tamarade may be found in market at one cent a pound in the pot. Shell a cupful and pour over the pulp a quart of boiling water. Let it stand about twenty minutes at the back of the stove, sweeten it and allow it to get cold. Then strain it and set it on the ice till

very cold, and serve as lemonade. A tamarade whey is made by boiling an ounce of tamarind pulp in a pint of milk and straining it. Serve cold.

The following is a good old English recipe for barley water which may be grateful to invalids suffering in the summer. Wash well two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley. Boil it in a pint of cold water for half an hour. Throw off this water and replace it by two quarts of boiling water. Let the whole boil till the liquid is reduced to one-half. The juice of half a lemon and a little lemon peel should then be added, and sugar to the taste. A pinch of salt will be found an improvement.—*New York Tribune.*

A Bright Baltimore Woman.

Miss Hester Crawford Dorsey, one of the clever and capable young writers of the south, lives in Baltimore, where she is a society favorite. She is tall, blue eyed and distinguished looking, thoroughly informed upon current topics and a fine conversationalist. Her journalistic work on the Baltimore American and New York Herald has been very successful. Her special talent, however, lies in the direction of story telling—stories full of life and color.

A few years ago she wrote a poem called "Dethroned"—a strong bit of writing on the last days of the Emperor Maximilian. Miss Dorsey has now in her possession an autograph letter from Francis Joseph of Austria thanking her for the pleasure received in reading her production. The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, a society that holds the brightest literary lights of the Monumental City, owes its existence to her enthusiastic efforts. She is its vice president and an indefatigable worker for its welfare.—*Current Literature.*

Two Paris Fashionables.

If a Frenchwoman is informed that the Duchess d'Uzes or Princess de Sagan has had costumes like this, and that they stood without a complaint while they were pinned and basted, then she feels that she has made a success. These two women more than any others in society set the stamp on special fashions, and each is as eccentric as possible. The Duchess d'Uzes is said to be the direct descendant of Louis XIV and Mme. de Montespan, and this may account for some of her eccentricities. She is devoted to hunting, and is said to possess the finest pack of stag hounds in France, while it is announced that she can drive a four in hand with as much art as any man. Princess de Sagan is a little different, being essentially a woman of the world and, what is more, a charming hostess. Her costumes are the delight of Paris, for when she is driving the smallest shopkeeper out for a holiday feast a personal pride in her and her appearance that is as odd as it is admirable.—*Paris Letter.*

Women Who Play Tennis Well.

The lady champions are the growth and production of the out-of-door annex to the large athletic and cricket clubs in the vicinity of our large cities, fostered by the judicious coaching of their male friends. Thus we find Miss Adeline K. Robinson, the lady champion of America; Miss Alice Austin, Miss Ward, the two Misses Janstin prominent in tennis circles on Staten Island, where the chief clubs are the S. I. Cricket club, the S. I. Athletic club, the North Shore T. C. and the Clifton T. C. The clubs along the banks of the Hudson river muster strong enough to form an association and hold a championship tournament.

Among this set Mr. E. C. Sands and Clarence Holart hold the premier honors among the gentlemen. The latter, especially, is showing championship form, and if he continues to improve should work up well into the final rounds at Newport in the All Comers'. Miss Ellen Roosevelt and her sister, Miss Gertrude, are by far the most proficient among the ladies and owe the superiority to the coaching of Mr. Sands chiefly. In Boston and its surroundings tennis is played, the chief ground being that of the Longwood C. C. Mr. Mansfield is the recognized first man, and Miss Mason, Mrs. Cummings, Miss Amy Clapp, Miss Wellman, Miss Lane and Miss Benson all play good tennis.—*Newport Letter.*

Not an Expert in Vegetables.

A lady living near the corner of Park and South streets noticed a peculiar odor coming from her kitchen a few days ago and started downstairs to investigate. She asked the girl what caused the odor, but the servant did not know. The lady found that the odor was issuing from a kettle on the stove. She asked the cook what was boiling in the kettle, and the latter replied, "Beets."

"Why, where did you get the beets, Mary?" was asked. "Why, ma'am, you brought them home yourself last evening." "I brought—beets?" and then the lady went into a fit of laughter. As soon as she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak she said: "Well, what have you done? Those 'beets' were the nice big radishes I brought home last night and which I forgot to put on the breakfast table this morning."

Hungarian Aprons.

The embroidered Hungarian apron bids fair to rival the Turkish saddle bag for novelty in furniture upholstery. The other day we ran across an excellent suit in these goods, covered by a fashionable New York upholsterer. The "apron" itself is woven and embroidered quite elaborately and is about the size for a chair seat. It has a long twisted cord fringe, the warp of about two feet hanging down. When the chair is covered the fringe from the seat hangs to the floor and is trimmed off. On the back another apron is used and the fringe hangs over, giving a stylish corded valance in the rear. The lounge of the suit was covered with two in seat and two in back, one each being on the arms. The long graceful trimming was quite effective.—*Clothes and Furnishings.*

A Pretty Plush Lambrequin.

A very pretty yet effective lambrequin is made of a strip of plush eighteen or twenty inches wide, and long enough to drop twenty inches below the ends of your mantel. Line with cotton flannel, work side out, and trim on front and ends with a silk fringe about two inches in width. When laid over your mantel the corners will drop gracefully over their own second, and the effect will be as charming as one could desire. The same lambrequin may be looped at one corner or at the other and fastened with a bow

to suit one's own taste. Where the mantel is carved many people prefer to use a simple plush scarf to protect the wood. The ends are then decorated or fringed as one may prefer.—*Exchange.*

Summer Superstitions.

The ocean at night is full of agreeable episodes as well as pitfalls. You should never by any chance permit an introduction in the hotel at night. If you know some one is going to present a gentleman insist that it be done out of doors. If you can have it in moonlight you will have good luck; if only the stars shine it may be variable. Don't change your companion in the first quarter of the moon on any account. After that you may flirt as much as you like. The full moon is the young woman's friend. All that happens under it is of good augury.—*New York Press.*

Female Photographers.

The detective is becoming quite a useful article of the newspaper woman's stock in trade. Miss Elizabeth Bland is a clever photographer, and Miss Ella Thackeray, who is a relative of the novelist, has done considerable work with the camera. Miss Alice Stone Blackwell has photographic tastes, though she indulges in them for amusement.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Wild grapes make the most delicious jelly. Its flavor is not to be equaled by that made of the cultivated sort. Cook the grapes in a stone crock in the oven, without the addition of water, before straining. A gentle, continuous heat is necessary. Strain once without pressure; use three-fourths of a cup of sugar to one cup of juice.

Mrs. Custer has the record of never making an acquaintance who does not wish to become her friend. She walks the pavement with a splendidly free step, in which one could almost fancy a reminiscence of the plains. She is devoted to her husband's memory and absorbed in her literary occupations.

Mrs. Jinswala, Sanskrit professor at the Wilson college, Bombay, has undertaken to check the vigorous Indian movement for improving woman's status by lecturing to native students against female education and social reforms.

A woman's medical college will be established at Johns Hopkins university if \$100,000 is raised for the purpose before June 1, 1891. A Boston lady has offered the first large subscription.

Princess Helen, third daughter of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, is the bride whom the czar destined for the czarevitch. The marriage will, it is said, take place next year.

To Double Them Up.

First Lady Manager—I understand that there are now a great many half orphans in our orphan asylum. Second Lady Manager—Yes; at the next meeting of the managers I shall introduce a resolution that two half orphans be put in the rooms which are usually occupied by a whole orphan. We must run the institution on strictly business principles.—*New York Tribune.*

Very Absent Minded.

One of the most amusing cases of absent mindedness on record is that told on a certain famous professor of one of the northern colleges. He was one day in a book store, deeply absorbed in finding a work to prove some question in dispute. The store was well filled with customers, and as the professor started to leave he stopped to shake hands with a few friends. Last of all he extended his hand to a sweet faced lady near the counter, saying: "Good morning, madam. Your face looks very familiar, but I am unable to recall your name." Absorbed in thought, he passed out without awaiting the lady's reply. She was his wife.—*Drake's Magazine.*

An Economical Plan.

Family Physician (to a very nervous patient)—Hm! Distress in your stomach and a pain in your back eh? Well, I'll fix you up a plaster, and you can clap it on either in front or behind. The two plasters are so near together that one plaster will do for both.—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Your father refuses his consent to our union." "He does, Harold." "Nothing seems to be left for us, then, except elopement! Do you think, Myrtle," said the young man, swallowing a sob, "that you could leave this luxurious home, forfeit all the enjoyments of wealth, banish yourself forever from your parents' hearts and go to the west with a poor young man to enter a home of life long poverty?"

Too Visionary.

"Your father refuses his consent to our union." "He does, Harold." "Nothing seems to be left for us, then, except elopement! Do you think, Myrtle," said the young man, swallowing a sob, "that you could leave this luxurious home, forfeit all the enjoyments of wealth, banish yourself forever from your parents' hearts and go to the west with a poor young man to enter a home of life long poverty?"

He Got a Raise.

Charles Sillicoy—Mr. Dute, do you consider me worthy a slight increase of salary? Mr. Dute—A difficult question to answer, but I will see what I can do for you. You believe in the old adage "Time is money?"

Charles—I do thoroughly. Mr. Dute—All right, then; hereafter you may work twice as long instead of ten hours each day.—*Jeweler's Circular.*

Hicks at Court.

"What did you say when you were presented to the queen?" "Oh, I put on a big bluff. I don't knuckle down to royalty. I hurried her for a minute and then asked her what her name was. Said I hadn't caught it."—*New York Sun.*

A SEA TRIP.

Why It Is Inadvisable to Take It in Small Doses.

A sea trip does you good when you are going to have a couple of months of it, but for a week it is wicked. You start on Monday with the idea implanted in your bosom that you are going to enjoy yourself. You wave an airy adieu to the boys on shore, light your biggest pipe, and swagger about the deck as if you were Capt. Cook. Sir Francis Drake and Christopher Columbus all rolled into one. On Tuesday you wish you hadn't come. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday you wish you were dead. On Saturday you are able to swallow a little beef tea, and to sit up on deck and answer with a wan, sweet smile when kind hearted people ask you how you feel now. On Sunday you begin to walk about again and take solid food. And on Monday morning, as with your bag and umbrella in your hand, you stand by the gunwale, waiting to step ashore, you begin to thoroughly like it.

I remember my brother-in-law going for a short sea trip once for the benefit of his health. He took a return berth from London to Liverpool, and when he got to Liverpool the only thing he was anxious about was to sell that return ticket.

It was offered round the town at a tremendous discount, so I am told, and was eventually sold for eighteen pence to a bilious looking youth, who had just been advised by his medical man to go to the seaside and take exercise.